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535 538 796 as it is evident that they contain much literary echo and perhaps are almost entirely derived from literary sources. As considerable portions of the *relatos* were secured from Agustín Rangel, assistant on the project, who participated in both dances in 1940–41, it was felt the expense of securing the complete *relatos* was not warranted.

535 796 The following is the *relato* of Agustín Rangel for the *negrito* dance (spelling as given, but punctuation added):

539

First act: Music, followed by a song

Tu tienes! oh! Niño, las adelfas y las Rosas,
Aun en boton, con purpura brillante.
Las Azuceñas puras y olorosas
Colores en su tallo vacilante,
Las amapolas frescas y pomposas,
Se Abren, Señor, bajo tu mano amante.
Y del tomillo en las pequeñas ramas
Mil flores hermosísimas derramas.

Second act: Music, followed by a song

Second caminata, or walking figure

(during which several speak; Agustin's part is as follows:)

Bellísimo Niño de amor y de ternura,
Divina criatura,
Te doy mi cariño . . .
(Second speaking part:)
Haces crecer el Cedro en las montañas
Y el sauce a la orrilla del torrente,
Do nacen los helechos y las cañas
Y las yervas mil en la estación ardiente
De la tierra fecundas las Entrañas
Con el Calor y el agua dulcemente
Y asi los campos de verdor revistas
Tornando alegres los que fueron tristes.

Third act: Music, followed by a song

Con gusto y con amor a ofrecer passemos
Felices ya seremos nacido el Salvador.

(The following is sung as they pretend to make offerings):

Ante tus plantas postrado
Te ofrece aqui este negrito
Recibe me niño amado
Este fino Silloncito.

Fourth act: A dance

Fifth act: Music, followed by a song and the "farewell"

Adios, Niño Santo,
Con suelo y amor;
Escucha mi canto
Niño Salvador.
Benedice toditos,

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Divino Creador.
Se van los negritos
Y llevan tu amor.

TRANSLATION LINE BY LINE

Thou hast, oh Child, the rosebays and the roses,
Still in bud with brilliant purple.
The white lilies, pure and fragrant,
Colors in their waving stems,
The calm and pompous poppies,
They open, Lord, beneath Thy loving hand.
And from the small branches of the thyme
Scatterest Thou a thousand beautiful blossoms.

Act 2

Lovely Child of love and of tenderness,
Divine creature,
I give you my love.
Thou causest the cedar in the mountains to grow,
And the willow at the brink of the torrent,
Where the bracken and the canes grow,
And the thousand herbs of the warm season,
From the entrails of the fecund earth
With the heat and the sweet water,
And thus the fields you dress anew with verdure,
Turning gay those who were sad.

Act 3

With pleasure and with love we go to make
offerings,
Happy that now the Savior has been born for us.
Prostrate before your feet
This *negrito* offers Thee,
Receive from me, beloved Child,
This fine little saddle.

Act 5

Farewell, Holy Child,
Comfort and love,
Hear my song,
Child Savior.
Bless everyone,
Divine Creator.
The *negritos* go
And take with them your love.

Fragments of other *relatos* remembered by Agustín are the following (given in English):

The Holy Child is born in a beautiful arcade in Bethlehem.
I have come to see your birth and to adore Thee.
Guided by a star, the *negritos* have come to witness the birth.

(Following this each told where he came from and the gift he brought: A little burro, a horse, a saddle, a dog, and different playthings.)

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The main part of the *relato* is recited by a person known as *el letra* and another called *el segundo*. These two stand at the head of the

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THE PASTORELA

535 The *pastorela*, or dance of the shepherds, is
796 also performed at Christmas time. The dance
857 is particularly connected with the *cabildo* and with the *prioste*. The leaders in the dance are the *uanánčes*, the four girls (six according to other accounts) who have taken incense and flowers to the church during the year and performed other services at the church. Generally they are about 10 years of age. Usually the girls have been vowed to the service by their parents as the result of illness or some other misfortune threatening the child. The time of the dance is sometimes called the fiesta of pajáču (meaning not secured).

The *uanánčes* invite a number of other girls to participate, 12 in all being needed. The girls invited by the *uanánčes* have no responsibilities other than dancing, but each of the *uanánčes* must feed the group for 1 day. The *uanánčes* also select adults to represent the parts of the devil and the hermit and also select the teacher. The girls' (all the expenses, of course, are borne by their parents) also have music to accompany the dance.

For the dance the girls are dressed in the *catrin*, i.e. "citified," style, in white dresses with straw hats adorned with artificial flowers (actually the style is not citified, but is rural Mestizo). Owing to the quarrel between the priest and the *cabildo*, the *pastorela* was not performed in 1940 and the actual dance could not be observed. A *relato* (in this case known as the *coloquio*) is an important part of the performance. One of the songs collected (for
535 the *pastorela* of Cheranástico) is as follows
539 (spelling as given):
796

A que noche tan cremoza
Ensillad mi buen caballo
Que en Belen nos conbida de Salvador
Muy lejos tieras bengo
Agosar de una pasiada
Con gusta y contento
A juntar mi ganadito.

TRANSLATION

Ah, what a beautiful night.
Saddle my good horse,
For to Bethlehem the Savior invites us.
To very distant lands I will arrive.
I will enjoy a journey,
With pleasure and content
To bring together my cattle.

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535 796 pairs, speaking a *relato* referring to events that had happened in those days. Then they sang a song, making another circuit. After this, the Three Kings marched between the files to the opposite end, where they were met by one of the pairs, the shepherdesses first. The Kings returned to their position, followed by the pair of dancers. Each dancer then spoke a brief verse, telling what he had brought to the Christ Child. The Kings answered. The others sang without words during this event except while the dancers spoke. This was repeated for each pair of dancers.

A pair of dancers from each end of the line now passed down the files until they met one another. Each pair held hands and danced in a circle, then reversed to the original position. The pairs then returned to their position and were followed by the others until all had danced. The *letra* then spoke a closing piece, telling everyone they should be gay. After this, each pair in succession danced a *jarabe* between the files from one end to the other. If a dancer performed very well and with much spirit, the others cried out in a falsetto voice. Sometimes they did this anyway for pleasure.

535 539 796 The *relato* of the *letra* or leader in 1940 was that composed by Gregorio Castillo and went as follows (spelling and punctuation as given):

No duda, bien lo Sabeis
Mis respetables ancianos;
El 25 del mes,
De Diciembre en la leccion:
Bajo hay del alto cielo,
Han acer en esta suela
Nuestro Dios de predencia.
Al instante los pastores,
Sabidos del gran portento;
Salen preste en el momento,
A visitar el Señor.
Dejando el campo y ganado
Asi como sus cabañas;
Ven por bosques y montanas,
Y con crecido contento,
van a ver el nacimiento
Del Niño Jesus amado.
Cuando contaba ocho dias
De nacido el Niño Amado
Fue tambien cir convencido
El verdadero mesias.
Compañeros Veteranos,
Recordar el 6 de enero
Fiesta de la epiphania,
Fue de gloria el feliz dia;

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535 Del bellisimo lucero,
Fue la manifestacion,
539 Del Niño Dios y Señor;
796 Por eso con todo amor,
Vamos a su adoracion.

Canto: 1ª caminata

Salid presuros,
Las glorias cantandos;
Al Nino en sal sando
Cantos de amor.

1ª Relato

Tambien Los Reyes de Oriente,
Manchan en este momento;
De Dios Niño al Nacimiento,
A ver a mi portente.
Luz de vina los va guindo
Y van a la adoracion,
En tan feliz ocasion,
La gloria le van cantando.

Ofrecimiento—Canto

Pasad al monto,
Con gusto y amor,
Ofrecer al Niño,
Amor y consuelo.
Ofrece
Te veo en humildes pajitas,
Y me postre en el instante,
Yo te adoro Nino Amante,
Y te ofresco estas conchitas.
(Pide el baile al terminar los ofrecimientos de todos.)

Baile

Pues todos nos complacemos
Yavimos tu Nacimiento
Y Todos con gusto estamos
Porque felices seremos;—
Niño Dios, bello portento,
En grupo todos nos vamos;
Al terminar la Vecita;
Mas en nuestros corazones;
Todos Fidos te llevarnos;
Jamas, jamas nos olvides,
Hoy te dicen toditos,
Hasta el año Venidero
Mas todos con Alegria
Vimos ya tus Maravillas:
¡Oh! Ninito Salvador,
Permitanos gran Senor,
Que con gusta te bailemos
Unos alegres cuadrillas;
En tan felices momentos
Adios digo companeros,
Toquen ya los instrumentos
Y los sones abajemos—

Despues del Canto

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[p. 152a]

Musica

535 Ya nos retiremos,
539 Del lugar Sagrado;
796 Llovando nos vamos,
¡Oh! Jesus amado.

TRANSLATION

Do not doubt it, well you know it,
My respectable ancients,
The 25th of the month
Of December in the location
There below the high heavens
Has been born on this earth
Our Lord who takes precedence.
Instantly the shepherds,
Knowing of the great portent,
Started quickly at that moment
To visit the Lord.
Leaving the fields and the cattle
As well as their cabins;
They went through woods and mountains,
And with growing contentment,
Went to see the birth
Of the beloved Child Jesus.
When eight days were counted
From the birth of the beloved Child,
Likewise were made neighborly
The true union [meaning unclear].
Veteran comrades,
Remember the sixth of January
Feast of the Epiphany,
That happy day was glorious.
From the beautiful morning star
Came the manifestation
Of the Child, God and Lord;
For this with all love
We go to adore Him.

1st walking interval. Song

Go forth hastily
Singing the glories;
To the Child raising
Songs of love.

1st relation

Also the Kings of the East
March at this moment;
Of God the Child at the birthplace
To see my portent.
Divine Light guided them
And they went to the adoration,
On such a happy occasion,
They went singing the glories.

Offering—Song

Pass to the amount [meaning unclear]
With pleasure and love,
Offer to the Child
Love and consolation.

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[p.1526]

The Offering

535 I see Thee on humble straw
And I prostrate myself instantly,
539 I adore Thee, loving Child,
And I offer Thee these little shells.
796 (The dance is asked for when the offerings are ended.)

Dance

Well, we all are pleased,
Now we have seen your birth,
And all are pleased
Because we will be happy.
Child God, beautiful portent,
Together we all go
To put an end to the visit.
Moreover in our hearts
All faithful we carry Thee.
Never, never forget us,
Today all tell Thee,
Until the coming year,
But all with joy,
Now we have seen your marvels;
Oh, little Child Savior,
Permit us great Lord,
That with pleasure we dance for Thee
Some joyous quadrilles.
In such happy moments,
I say "farewell companions."
Let the instruments play
And the lowland tunes . . . [Meaning not clear—possibly *abajeños* is meant, not *abajemos*, that is, "tunes of the low country."]

After the song, music is played

Now we take ourselves away
From the Sacred place.
Weeping [?] we go,
Oh! beloved Jesus.

535 The style of delivery of these *relatos* was
538 highly declamatory and monotonous. The
796 words were spoken in a level tone without inflection or other interpretation of their meaning.

The sense of a few of the other individual *relatos* was secured. One dancer said he was very old, so old he couldn't walk on level ground. If he couldn't walk on level ground, how was he going to walk downhill? Nevertheless, he was going to the place of the Holy Child anyway. Another said that if he got tired walking, he would go on his knees to visit the Child, even though they were scratched. Yet another complained of his high squeaky voice, but even if his voice gave out, he still would go to the Holy

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538 sions, however, give only one destruction
773 of the world, equating the flood with the advent of Christianity, or depriving this last event of its catastrophic character.

Flood stories include a typical Mesoamerican tale—that the survivor of the flood was transformed into a dog because he started a fire. Since the cause of the transformation was disobedience to the Christian God, who had forbidden starting a fire without his command, the story thus becomes integrated with the good and evil theme:

[539] ". . . down came the angel and kicked him once and again and said, 'This is so that you understand. You have not obeyed me.' And the man began to cry like a dog and the angel said, 'You will be a dog and in punishment you will have to take care of the house.' And this is why there are dogs."

Several stories and beliefs deal with the *k'uaŋári*, or giants, the people who lived before the advent of Christianity. The k'uaŋári had very great strength. They built what are now the ruins of pre-Spanish sites, and also are supposed to have built the churches and installed the bells; bells were their most precious treasure. They did not believe in the true religion but worshipped idols and stones:

[539] "The ancient people killed people when they had a fiesta and made a feast over that body. That was their custom. They also killed an ox and then they ate it. They covered it with flowers and there they made their fiesta. With the fat of the animal they made candles which they lit for their idols."

The kings of the k'uaŋári set the boundaries of the existing towns and placed the border stones. Some of their deeds are still remembered. They named the towns, they left their imprints on a number of stones, and made war on neighboring kings. The point stressed in the stories is the destruction of these beings because of their lack of religion: they were "unbaptized humans" or "big devils". In order to put an end to this state of affairs, God decided to bless the world. This event is described in some tales as a destruction by fire, in others by water, in the latter case being identified either with the flood or with the formation of Lake Pátzcuaro.

The stories in which the giants are alive before the flood attribute the destruction of the world to their heathenness:

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773 539 "*T'aɹésača* are the idols worshipped by ancestors, those who lived before the flood. They had no images [saints]; the t'aɹésača were their saints. When God decided to end the world he told Adam and Eve . . . he believed but the others didn't . . ." [At this point in the story the flood occurs.]

Another short statement says:

". . . With the flood the k'uaŋári were extinguished. Don Antonio Siuangua [Jarácuaro's king] was a k'uaŋári. They didn't believe in religion [i.e., Catholicism]; that's why there was the flood. They danced naked and they had no fear of God. I think it was something like those sexy dances they say they have in Morelia or Mexico City where people dance stark naked."

In other stories the giants were destroyed when the world was blessed. Sometimes this is described as a destruction by fire. In some statements God himself came to bless the world and introduce Christianity. In others this task is ascribed to Jesus, Saint James or Saint Peter. In still others, the advent of Christianity was the work of a priest or of Vasco de Quiroga.

When the world was thus blessed, the giants buried themselves with their implements and they became stones, the idols and tools that now come to light when the land is tilled. The reason for their hiding lay in their old religion and failure to accept Christianity:

"They lived in error." "They buried themselves [because] persecuted by the Belief [i.e., Christianity]." "That happened to them because they didn't want to see the blessing of the world."

The more elaborate stories refer to the particular way in which the kings of the k'uaŋári in Jarácuaro and Ihuatzio fled from the Faith to become enchanted in different places. Those who accepted Christianity were saved and became the ancestors of the present people:

"Some people got the blessing from the priest [Don Vasco] while others died alone because of their ignorance. The former are in heaven now while the others are buried with their belongings."

775 The Tarascans firmly believe in man's survival after death. The basis for this belief lies in man's division into body and soul. The soul for the Tarascan resides in the heart, and the word heart (*minzita*) stands also for soul; while the other words

775 (*ánima, uaríča, uarírі*) designate the soul after death and also the dead body, their meaning being like that of the English 'ghost' or 'dead'. The separation of body and soul is possible before death in certain situations.

753 828 Fright is one of the concepts of disease. When a person is frightened his soul is about to leave his body. "My heart [i.e., soul] goes out", he will say, and this is supposed to upset him a good deal. Total loss of one's soul is not very common. It is the result of the Devil's stealing the soul when a person becomes frightened at the sight of him. This loss causes insanity and almost immediate death, unless the person has his soul restored.

775 Also, the soul of a person who is about to die spends a period visiting all the places where he (she) has been and also his (her) relatives. The soul wanders while the person is asleep or feeling very tired. These souls can occasionally be seen by people, and experiences of seeing souls are very common items in folklore, especially in the Sierra where ghosts (*uaríča*) follow men, and by touching, blowing or spitting at them can cause sickness and death.

A very important concept of Tarascan folklore is that of selling one's soul to the Devil, who, in some cases, keeps the soul while the person is still alive. Also, the souls of persons otherwise doomed can be in hell before their death.

761 Death is caused by the final separation of body and soul. The body perishes while the soul goes on existing. The destiny of

775 the dead is explained in a creation story. The Devil, the cleverest son of God,

773 decided that he did not like the sky as God had made it. So he made the sun, the moon and the stars, and also made another sky on top of it, where he resided. God asked him to return home, but the Devil refused. So God sent Saint James, who defeated the Devil and brought him to God.

539 "The Devil asked God for his inheritance and said he also wanted to have people to rule over, the same as God. Then God told him his inheritance was ready, and He ordered Saint James to take the Devil down below, pulling at his chain like an animal. There was a big round iron and a chair to tie him to so he couldn't escape. There the Devil told God he needed some people and God told him, 'Yes, I will give you some. Whom do you want?' And the Devil asked for those who drown in liquor, those who die in sin, those who kill people and

539 those who die in the lake. God told him He wouldn't give him all those, because so many people die like that that there would be nobody left for Him. He would give him only those with great sin. They also agreed that they would weigh those who die in an accident, and if they were heavier than the Devil he would take them; if lighter, God would take them. And this is the agreement they had. All people who die in an accident have to be weighed to see to whom they fall."

773 775 Other stories and statements elaborate further this myth. Two concepts determine this destiny: a mechanical one, according to the circumstances of death and without moral meaning; and a second one wherein the future of the dead is a consequence—reward or punishment—of their behavior in the present world. This last concept prevails.

In what we call the mechanical concept, we include the idea that those who die in an accident (fall, run over by an automobile, etc.), or drown in the lake, go to hell, or have to be weighed in order to determine their destiny. Other ways of meeting death can determine automatically the destiny of the dead person: *e.g.*, death in fights or as result of drunkenness. In this case, however, a moral factor is involved, in that drunkenness and fighting are considered bad or sinful. Similarly, children automatically go to heaven and become little angels. The reason is that they die before they are old enough to commit sin. As one informant puts it: "They don't say *disparates* [obscene, sinful words; swearing] and they have no sins."

As a general rule, however, the destiny of the dead is determined by their good or bad behavior in this world. A balance has to be drawn between a person's good and bad actions to see if his next abode is heaven or hell. A typical statement follows:

[539] "Those who drown are doomed, and also those who die in drunkenness. Those who kill a person are doomed, and the priests do not allow them to confess, except when they take charge of the dead person's children and dress them and look after them as their own father would. Those dead 'in vice' are doomed, too."

The idea of purgatory is not ommon in folk stories and belief, although of course it is taught in church.

[539] "Dead children go to heaven until the age when they learn to swear; they have no sins.

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Grownups, people say some of them go to heaven, but who knows; it is necessary to go
[539] through punishment first."

In their journeys to their abode, the dead are brought before God and/or the saints for a sort of judgment which decides their destiny. A few beliefs relate to this judgment before God, and emphasize 'good' behavior toward the fireplace and towards dogs. One should not spit or kick the firestones, because at the hour of death they will go to God and complain about this bad treatment. One reason given
[778] is that the hearthstones represent the Holy Cross. Similarly, one should not throw hot water to the ground. The earth will complain to God and say, "This one
[825] burned me." A black dog will also complain if badly treated. On the other hand,
[735] if one gives alms to beggars, they will speak favorably to God.

Other beliefs concern activities which, if not properly followed on earth, must be carried out after death before eternal rest is granted. Thus the hospital cargueros who do not properly participate in the week-end processions in the churchyard have to do so after death. Penitents who do not carry the heavy cross as they promised similarly have to do this after death. When a child has been baptized,
[788] to become *compadres* the parents and godparents must go to the church and perform a ritualized salutation. One does not really become compadre until this has been performed. If one does not make this salutation with one's children's godparents, the soul will have to travel and meet the souls of the compadres-to-be, wherever they are, in order to perform it. Only then will the soul be free to go to its destination. Similarly, taking ashes from the hearth and treating the children well, feeding, washing, and dressing them properly, are sanctioned by the belief that the woman who does not do so on earth will be busy after death making up for her faulty behavior.

The beliefs about the dead and the proper behavior to reach heaven are confirmed in the experiences of people who die but come back to life, because it is found out that their time was not yet come. Thus, as to the destiny of the dead, some revived people report having seen the place in hell reserved for the agraristas working the land in Copujo (land belonging to Jarácuaro). Another report mentions having seen in hell people who were

773 still alive in town, and one particular man
775 who had been drowned in the lake was there wrapped in a blanket and dead drunk.

In the experiences of revived people, we also find the theme of coming back to the world in order to correct or help correct bad behavior:

[539] "A woman was dead for three hours. She was ordered to come back to this world in order to go to her son who had abandoned his wife and was living with another woman. She was ordered to tell her son that he should take his wife again and only then would he be forgiven and would he be able to reach purgatory. When the woman saw them living together again, she then died."

In another case the dead person has to come back to life in order to have the mass said which he had promised to Saint Francis.

Besides coming back to life, the dead appear to living persons in dreams or otherwise in order to ask them to correct their bad behavior. In one case a dead man appears to his friend and says:

[539] "Doroteo, Doroteo, don't be afraid. It's me, your friend Refugio. Come with me where I have my money. Hidden as it is, nobody profits from it and God does not want to forgive me because of that money which I have like that and nobody finds it. Come so that you can tell my wife and then you can take as much as you want."

The man (Doroteo) had almost decided to go but suddenly he was scared and ran away.

In another case, a married couple had
[428] adopted a boy. The man had promised to give him the kitchen as inheritance, but when the man died the woman did not give the kitchen to the boy:

[539] "She dreamed of her husband; she dreamed he was in hell and was taken to be burned. He told her it was her fault, that because she didn't give the kitchen to the boy they were taking him to be burned and that she should give it to him. Then an angel came and arranged the whole thing so he didn't go to the burning because he had repented. 'That's what I dreamed,' the woman says, 'and I think it's true.'"

A similar case is that of the dead bandit who had buried his money. His ghost keeps calling people to take the money and have some mass said for him.

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775 An interesting theme is that of the dead
773 who come back to earth in order to return stolen property. The following case is among the most significant, socially speaking, in our collection:

539 "There was a hacienda steward who was very good to the peons. He used to take handfuls of corn to give them, because at that time the people were very poor and he felt sorry for them. When he died he had no sins, so he went right to heaven, because the only sin he had committed was that of giving corn by handfuls to the peons without the permission of his master. God told him that was bad because he gave away the corn without his master's permission, and he would have to go back to earth to account for what he had done.

"So he fell in the center of the hacienda courtyard and he went to his house where he used to live and said, 'My children, here I am come back.' And his wife said, 'O my dear, how right you were to come back; you are the only one I love. Besides, everyone is unhappy around here because now there is nobody to give food to them like you used to do.' But then he said, 'Look here, I came only to attend to this; you should know what happened to me up there in heaven. I came to pay my master back so that God can forgive my sin. This is why I advise you not to do what I used to do but always act like the master tells you. Now I will have to go to the fields to pay my master back.'

"So he went to see his master, and said, 'Look here, sir, I used to take handfuls of corn and beans to give to the peons and this is why I missed heaven. Now you will have to put me to work so I can pay you back. And this is what God sent me to do, to tell you.'

"He was given the oxen and the plow and he spent all his time working. He never went to his home, and he never ate; nobody could see where he was or where he went, and he was always bareheaded. Until at last he fulfilled his debt to his master. Then he went again to his house and said, 'Now my children, I am through with my debts and I can go up again.' He went to a chapel of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and knelt and said, 'My Mother of Guadalupe, I have already paid this debt I owed my master. Let me go to heaven, show me the road, my Mother.' And the roof opened and he rose right to heaven; everybody could see him.

"And this is why they said it is such a great sin to take what does not belong to one."

775 In a similar story, the woman servant who
773 used to cheat her master had to come back and work for him again until she paid

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him back. When the master found out what had happened, however, he forgave her before she had redeemed her debt and she was able to go to heaven.

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An outline of the nature of the saints and of the main features of their cult has been given before. Most tales about the saints refer to apparitions and miracles.

The saint's image appears to some person who sees, hears, or dreams of it and calls the attention of the people. Often it is a shapeless piece of wood or stone in which someone imagines he sees a saint, usually Christ or a Virgin of Guadalupe. There are a number of such Guadalupes which usually draw only the personal devotion of the discoverer although sometimes more people bring flowers and candles to the stone. The apparitions of some famous saints are told in this same way. The saints, having gained recognition because of some miracle, are taken to the town's church, where later they are shaped into well formed images. Stones are interpreted as Virgins while Christs appear as pieces of wood which bleed when struck by an axe.

Saints occasionally wander on earth. The Virgin of Cocucho goes to Ocumicho after Saint Peter. Saint James in Azajo used to leave the church during the Revolution in order to fight. Saint Peter in Jarácuaro left the town when the people were split politically and the church was closed, and experiences are told of how he was seen in the hills or how he was seen on his way to Tarejero where he went.

Tales about the activities of the saints refer mostly to their miracles, rewarding the good and punishing the evil. In answer to a vow offered by the devout, the saint can perform a miracle granting what was asked of him. Some of these miracles become elaborate stories like that of the man condemned to death by the agraristas and saved by Saint Peter. Or in the following two stories, saints saved the cargueros who had pledged their souls to the Devil in order to obtain money with which to make the festival:

"Once there was a lazy man. He had taken a cargo and the fiesta was coming closer and his wife said to him, 'Our fiesta day is coming and if you don't get busy, with what money are we going to make the fiesta? Well, how are we going to do it then?' 'Well,' he said, 'tomorrow I'll go out and see what I can find.' The

●539 next day he got up and left. 'Well, the first person I meet, even if he is the Devil himself, that's the man I am going to ask for money.'

"He walked on and saw a well dressed man [catrín] riding a mule. The latter said, 'Where are you going, my friend?' 'There I go, sir; I left my house and I said the first man I meet I will tell my business.' 'Yes, what is it?' 'Well, this and this.' 'Well, man, I'll tell you something. If you give me the individual who comes out to meet you when you come from work, I will give you what you need.' The man thought he meant the dog that met him every day. He said, 'Yes, of course.' 'Then I will bring you the money, but the day I bring it, don't let your wife out. You must be the only one to come out to receive it.' So he went to his house and told his wife he was getting the money.

"Three nights went by, and at the fourth one he heard the bustle and cries of muleteers, 'Ah, mule!' Then they arrived at the house and the chief himself gave him the money. 'Where shall we put it?' 'There in that box.' And his wife was listening and said to her daughter, 'Listen, how much money. I wonder who he is.' So they poured out all the money and they left, and the mules, snorting, threw out lots of sparks. 'Sir,' the man said, 'I will have to have fireworks and have a bullfight, and bring some music.' 'I will bring you the bulls, toreador and everything. I will bring you the music and I will send you a man to make the fireworks for you.'

"Well, that's how it was. The day before the festival, the fireworks men arrived and there they made the fireworks in a minute. The music and the bulls arrived as well. Thus he made the fiesta. He went to the priest to give him the money for the mass, but the priest didn't want to accept it because he didn't recognize it. He saw it was no good. Well, the fiesta was finished and the day came when he had to deliver what he had pledged. The fiesta was over and he was as poor as before. He was sad when the day came. He had a daughter and it was she he had offered. The Devil when he brought the money told him, 'It's your daughter I want, not your dog as you thought.' 'Well, the money is already here, I will fulfill my pledge,' the man had answered.

"The day came and they left. They took the road the Devil had told him. They were on the road when they saw a little chapel. The daughter was very devout. She said, 'Father, let's go see that little chapel. Wait here for us.' The mother was with them. The man sat down and they went to the chapel. There was a Virgin; they prayed to her and the mother said, 'O most Holy Mother, I don't know where my

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539 husband is taking me and my daughter. You are the one who should save us.' Well, they felt sleepy and they fell asleep right there in the chapel. And the image stood up and with another image, they both went out dressed as the woman and her daughter.

"They all went to the Devil's house, they got to a big gate made all of iron. They knocked and a servant came out. 'Is the great man here from his house?' 'Yes, he is here.' He went to the great Devil and said, 'They didn't look right to me, those people.' 'Go, then.' They went to open the gate and immediately after he saw them he turned his face and staying like this, back to them, he told the man, 'You should thank your daughter, because she is so devout; that's what saved you. These you bring me here are images; that's not what I had asked you. Go, leave then.' He shut the door and the man left, very thoughtful.

"On their way back his daughter asked him again to go to the chapel. Then the other women woke up and they went out to the father. When they left, the father said, 'Let's go, my daughter,' and they came to the house. It was then when they talked and the man notified his wife how everything had happened and he began to think and think and think, and it even cost him his life so much thinking of what he had done and what he had seen there in hell where he met the devils."

[This is alleged to be true; the informant does not remember in which town it happened.]

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"A very poor man took the cargo of San Antonio. He said, 'Where am I going to get the money?' He went out to ask for money and he met a man on the road who asked him, 'Where are you going?' 'I am looking for work to see how much I can get in advance because I have a cargo.' 'Well, I will give you some money, come with me.' He was a well dressed white man [*catrín*]; he took the man to the cave and there he asked for what he needed. They told him, 'Don't worry. From here you will get the music, fireworks, and everything.' He came in and he saw the cave fixed up very pretty. He came and the music arrived, And the white man asked, 'Will you have a bullfight too, so that I can send the bulls?' 'Yes, we will have bullfighting for two days.' The catrín sent the bulls.

"When the fiesta was over the man went back to the cave in order to work and redeem his pledge, but in the place where he first was given to eat there were some old women grinding dirty things. They had told him he would have to spend some time in there and he thought he would like it. They told him,

539 'The first job you will have to do is to go fetch wood. Put these sandals on. When you wear them out you are free.' And the sandals were made of iron. He left very thoughtful and on his way he met a bearded man who asked him where he was going. The man told him the whole story. Asked the bearded one, 'Well, have you repented? Take the sandals off and go to the wood and when you come back I will give them back to you already worn out.' This bearded man must have been God; He made a miracle for him and He gave him the sandals all thin, so that man could get out very soon.

"The people in that place where they were grinding were the souls of the dead and they were as in hell or purgatory."

[776] In other miracles, God or the saints punish bad actions, mainly failure to comply promptly with the cult requirements. Nonfulfillment of a vow brings about an accident, caused by the saint as punishment. For example:

A man was going in pilgrimage to San Juan Parangaricutiro when he thought he had better go to Tingambato. He fell over a ravine with his donkeys and died shortly thereafter.

A woman was going to visit the Christ in Carácuaro when she felt tired and sat down and regretted having started the trip. She became enchanted in a nearby hill.

Another woman in a similar predicament became a stone when she complained of the trip. Dancers who perform before reaching the saint also become stone.

776 Other miracles punish sacrilegious actions of the sinners. For instance, a revolutionary colonel tried to chop off the head of the image of the Christ of Carácuaro. It bled and the colonel repented, but he became sick and suffered without being able to die until he asked for pardon.

Lack of concern for the saints is also punished. A man obtained wealth from Saint Anthony, but lost it when he forgot about the saint. Another man could not enter heaven because he found no saint to sponsor him, as he had no devotion.

* * *

In opposition to God and the saints, the Devil appears as the bad supernatural and advocate of bad behavior. The creation of the Devil has been mentioned before.

The Devil appears together with a host of demons of which he is king. These demons seem to be those given to him by God when he was created, the doomed souls. The pre-Christian people (k'uaŋári)

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668 against the traditional cargo system is again discernible, although this time under
798 the cloak of a more orthodox Catholicism. Thus people are divided according to their appreciation of some cultural institution: for cargos (traditionalist) or against them (agraristas and some militant Catholics); for the Church (traditionalists and militant Catholics) or aganist it (agraristas).

Since the ethical religious ideology sanctions those institutions thus in conflict, let us see how supernatural sanction of political groups is evidenced in folk narratives.

183 Corresponding to the general anti-agra-
rista trend, we find in the tales use of the
668 good and evil theme in order to prove the wickedness of the agraristas. A number of experiences in which people see the Devil take place in towns where the agraristas dominate, doubtless a reflection of the connection between the two evils.

At the time of our stay in Jarácuaro, the level of the lake was falling, leaving considerable extensions of land dry. At that time in Ihuatzio, which is strongly Catholic, an agrarista group was formed to get this land for themselves instead of sharing it with the whole town. News soon reached Jarácuaro that the Devil had been seen in Ihuatzio. The following market day in Pátzcuaro brought more complete news:

[539] [776] "In Ihuatzio they saw the Devil. He came out of the mountains and he crossed the town through the center. He looked like a human, but had feet like those of donkeys. The people wanted to hit him, but they were not able to reach him. They say he came out because many have now become agraristas. In order to get the land at the lakeshore the town has split."

A similar story is told of another town:

539 "This is what happened to a man from Tócuaro when agrarismo was so powerful. This man remembered an errand he had to do at Pichátaro and he left; this was about eleven o'clock at night. He went down right to the road and there he saw a man on horseback. They greeted each other: 'Good evening.' 'Good evening.' 'Where are you going?' 'To Pichátaro.' 'I am going to Puácuaro. Shall we travel together?' 'All right. Let's go.'

"'Where do you come from?' the stranger asked. 'I come from Tócuaro, and you?' 'Well, I am here and there, sometimes in Tzurumútaro, sometimes in San Pedro, San Bartolo or Puácuaro; those are the towns where they like me best.' 'And what about Tócuaro?' 'No, you don't like me at all; you have there an old

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539 man who does not let me in.' [This is Saint Francis.] And the man from Tócuaro did not realize whom he was talking with. So they arrived at Arócutin where their roads separated and the stranger asked: 'Don't you want a cigarette?' 'Yes.' 'Here it is.' And when he lit the cigarette the man from Tócuaro saw his eyes which seemed to be burning, so bright they were. He threw the cigarette away and left. He had only walked a few steps when fright caught him. His hands and feet were sweating and he left the road and spent the night in the open. He did not arrive at Pichátaro until the next day and then he told what had happened to him."

668 776 San Bartolo, San Pedro, Tzurumútaro and Puácuaro are agrarista towns on the lakeshore; the Devil is welcome there. In Tócuaro, however, they are not agraristas; they follow their patron saint (Saint Francis), and the Devil cannot get in.

Similarly, in Tzurumútaro, another agrarista town, "there appeared an old woman who used to talk to men on the street corners. When she left she went to a ravine. She was a devil."

In Huecorio 'the Enemy' (euphemism for the Devil) came out one night roaring like a bull. The dogs went after him and he became a black dog dragging something like a long skin. He appeared one night after the church had been blessed and mass had been said for the first time. This was three years ago (i. e., 1942).

Agraristas are also mentioned in an experience of a man who, having come back to life after being dead for a few hours, reports having seen in hell the place prepared for burning the agraristas working the land in Copujo, Jarácuaro.

In one incantation, the spirits of the agrarista leader, Zapata, and the revolutionary bandit, Chávez García, are mentioned as bad spirits whose help is asked: "You brave spirits, which are now in the other life. Now, in this moment, come to me. You, spirits of Chávez García and Zapata."

In the following story, the supporter of the Church is miraculously saved from the agraristas:

539 "At the time when the priests were being persecuted, there was a man who defended the church very much. Nobody did anything to him; he was not burned nor anything. The agraristas put him in jail. He had spent three days in jail, and they wanted to convince him that if he would go on defending the Church

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539 they were going to kill him, but if he did not, they would let him free. He said they had better kill him. So they were going to kill him. They told him: 'Tomorrow we are going to kill you; make up your mind.' And he said he had already made up his mind. It was night. An angel came and opened the doors. The man was asleep and the angel told him: 'Come, then. Get out.' So the man went out after him and he walked through where the soldiers were and not even one woke up. Next day the light broke out and the soldiers went to kill him and nobody was there and everything was locked up tight. Our Lord Saint Peter had left him on the outskirts of Rome. He went into the city and when the call for mass struck there he was. He heard the mass and he told the Pope everything that had happened, and the Pope said, 'Right now in your town they want to kill the soldiers because they did not pay attention. I am going to send word that you are here, not to kill them.' So, they did not kill them."

[668] [823] The anti-agrarista theme appears important in the tales about the Paricutin volcano.[3]

"At that time there were many agraristas. One man from Corupo spoke to a man from Paricutin, to another from San Juan, to still another from Zacán, and to a fourth from Zirosto. They got together and said, 'Let us go and steal the Holy Sacrament.' They went to San Juan and took it out from the church. And in the whole town only one man noticed that the Holy Sacrament was no longer there, but he was afraid of saying so lest the people blame him. He noticed on three days during mass that the Holy Sacrament was not there and at last he told some friends whom he trusted. The agraristas took the Holy Sacrament to Zacán and they wondered what to do with it. They spent some days in Zacán; then they went to Zirosto, and finally they took it to Paricutin in order to hide it. The owner of a land plot there was an agrarista, and he said, 'Well, as you don't know what to do with it, let us take it to my plot.' And they hid it there.

"And the Eternal God said, 'What shall I do with those people? They are the most wicked in the world. I don't know what to do with them.'

"Then the Devil appeared and said, 'There is a way.' 'How?' 'Sure, there is a way so that they shall suffer, but they will not be the only ones to suffer.' Then God said, 'Go then, but let me think it over for a month.' The Devil asked for too much, but at last they drew the line within

3. Tarascan stories about the volcano have been discussed by the author in a previous paper (Carrasco, 1946).

539 which the people had to suffer. Then God gave His permission and the Devil made the volcano at once."

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"In the plain where the volcano burst forth there was a cross which the missionary fathers had buried because there was a danger in that plain. A man from Paricutin was working that land; when he was plowing he saw the cross. He did not approve of it, he called a friend, dug, and took an arm from the cross; he chopped it off. Inside was a golden cross to keep the volcano from breaking forth. They took it out and broke a wooden cross which was on top of the golden one and the agraristas burned it. Then the volcano erupted. They say that because the people from Paricutin were so bad and broke the cross, the volcano broke out. Before the volcano broke out, little figures were seen dancing, city-clothed people (*catrines*), and also four whirlwinds. Dionisio was getting close and felt the earth was hot so he said, 'Now it is going to break out; I better go.' And he heard a noise, *fu*! and smoke came out. When he arrived home it was already roaring."

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"Once when the people of Paricutin had a land dispute with those of San Juan, a priest had told the people to gather a lot of money and bury it there. So he put the money and on top of it a cross and he blessed it because he said that to him who hurt the cross or took the money out God would send a punishment. Some agraristas felled the cross with an axe and took the money. Shortly thereafter the volcano broke out. And that is the reason."

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"The volcano appeared because the agraristas from Paricutin had felled a cross which had Holy Hosts inside. The cross was placed by a missionary father that same year so that no water snake [tornado] would fall there. They felled it and, the day after, the volcano was there."

668 798 538 The political conflict and the agrarista anticlericalism have thus produced an increase in the use of some themes of the traditional religious ideology, namely those which point out the wickedness of the people who oppose the Church and the cult.

On the subject of cargos the folk ideology maintains that they are necessary in order to enter heaven. However, we did not find this belief elaborated upon by the more traditional people in opposition to the militant Catholics who reject the car-

2:Carrasco E-4, 5 (19[illegible]1952
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668 798 538 gos.[4] Conversely, the militant Catholics do not seem to use folk ideas in order to argue their stand; we simply find disbelief in the idea that the cargos have supernatural sanctions. These Catholics are supported by their priest who holds the same views.

Full agrarista material is lacking, for our collection was gathered in conservative villages. A volcano story was told by an agrarista from Charapan who had taken refuge in Cocucho. The tale demonstrates belief in religion and clearly condemns fiestas, making them the cause for the volcano, instead of blaming the agraristas as do most other stories. The agrarista policy of suppressing fiestas finds in this story a neat ideological justification:

539 "A bearded man appeared near San Juan before the eruption had started. He found a cowboy and asked him, 'Where are you going?' 'I am looking for some oxen,' he said. 'Well, haven't you seen them where you have been?' 'No, I have not.' 'Well, look here. After all, nobody is going to take them. I want you to do an errand for me. There is a hole back there where you were. Go and step on it and you will find a man. Tell him that I need him.'

"The cowboy went there, but the hole was too small to get into, so he went back to tell the bearded man. 'Sure you can get in,' he replied. 'You just step hard on it.' The boy did so and he sank. He arrived at a big house, where he told the man there what he was ordered to say: 'A bearded man sends me to tell you that he needs you.' 'What is the matter, then?' 'I don't know. I was looking for some animals when he found me and sent me on this errand.' 'Let's go then.'

"And they went out and they arrived where the bearded man was. He said that he wanted this man from the underworld to destroy the town of San Juan before the time came for the fiesta. 'But I cannot do that!' 'Sure, you can. You must destroy the town before the holy day so that no fiesta will be made.' And so they left, and the cowboy left, too, and he found the oxen where the bearded man had told him.

The bearded man was God and the other one was the Devil. God didn't want any more fiestas in San Juan, because the poor people went there and spent so much money because everything was very expensive. Besides, they were robbed even within the Church, and so the poor people were left without any money at all. That's why God destroyed everything."

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4. It should be noted that no particular effort was made to obtain them. Neither, however, was an effort made to get the anti-agrarista motives which so often appeared.

771/668 the folk religion and the content of folklore. Most people, however, show a certain degree of disbelief. Among some (2) this goes with criticism of the Church and with the acceptance of the rational point of view taught in school. This attitude can be correlated with the agrarista position in politics. Among many people (3) some items of lore and religion are doubted or dismissed but always under the acceptance of basic religious tenets and of Church authority. The trend is thus towards a greater orthodoxy within Catholicism, by abandoning beliefs of the purely folk level. This is paralleled by the militant Catholic position in politics.

These three attitudes are ideal types in terms of which we describe individual behavior. In reality they are not necessarily pure nor does every individual connected with a particular political tendency have in every way the attitude which we correlate with that tendency. Individual differences are determined not only by political affiliation but also by personality and cultural participation in general.

771 In order better to see the balance of change we will discuss first the traditionalist position. This represents the folk culture point of view of the village community.

In the formal aspects of religion, the more conservative, traditionalist individuals or towns attach greater importance to private rituals like those connected with agriculture or witchcraft. Also, the religion based on the folk cult of the saints is the most important. These people insist on the need to continue cargos and fiestas. They oppose the priests who attempt to change this and scorn Catholics who do not care for cargos. In the field of belief, total belief in religious concepts and tales corresponds to the above attitudes. Cargos are believed to be a way of serving God and the saints, necessary to reach heaven. [773] Myths are believed. Experiences with the supernatural are told as true happenings and even wonder stories are supposed to be true.

A few examples will illustrate this attitude:

539 **Maximino tells how he has seen the Devil on two occasions, once as a woman and another time as a donkey. Once he discovered an attempt to bewitch him and in another case he caught a witch who had taken the shape of an owl. Once a heavy plank fell on him while he was building a house. He became unconscious**

539 and when he came to he tells how he has been dead in the other world but was sent back to life because his time had not yet come. Once in the night he was followed by a ghost trying to harm him. As a young man, he owned a dead man's finger which can be used to unlock doors. He did not want to tell the author the prayer which has to be said in order to use the finger. He did not want to have it published, because then people would use it and he would be responsible for their sins.

He thinks corn should be carefully handled; it's bad to throw it on the ground. "Corn is one's own life. That is what God Our Lord said: It is our Life. Adam sinned because Eve made him sin, and the Lord told him, 'Now you are going to work and sweat; take this adze, this spade, and this seed so that you can eat from your sweat.' When corn lies on the ground, it cries and that is not good. We mistreat it and that is bad, because it is our life, our food. Some people say they earn their living with their work, but that is only because God allowed us to be able to work. Were it not for that we would do nothing."

773 824 This explanation contrasts strongly with the attitude of other people who laugh when asked if it is bad for corn to lie on the ground.

Maximino draws morals from his stories:

[539] A man who tries to reach the end of the world dies very old before he can reach it. This teaches man that he should not attempt to learn certain things which are only God's. He tells the story of the rich man's son who leaves his house to become poor and has to be taken back home by his father. Also that of the man who tries to kill his wife he wrongly thinks unfaithful because of a friend's slander. She survives, dresses as a man, and manages to become king. Then she finds that her former husband, who has repented, has become the town drunkard.

Are these stories true? Of course; "these stories are real happenings which God allowed to happen in order that we might learn how to behave." (Mateo, on the other hand, tells this last story as fiction.)

539 Clemente tells how Saint Peter came to town descending from heaven. No doubt about it; his grandfather saw it.

Agustin tells how the ancients of Ihuatzio were enchanted and the treasures buried in the ruins. A boy had a chance to disenchant a girl and the money, but he failed when he could not carry to church the girl who had turned into

539 a snake. Agustin takes this very much to heart: "If that sucker had stood up, all the riches would be now his and the town's."

Pablo tells some story of the trickster, Pedro de Urdemalas. And he comments, "Those ancients were really clever, weren't they?"

771 181 178 Informants like Maximino, totally convinced of the truth of their stories, are rather unusual. This attitude is found only in a few people, mainly old-timers. Many informants have that same credulous attitude on many points, but some skepticism is also present. New attitudes away from total belief in folk ideas are found among most people, and those active in both agrarista or sinarquista movements share in them.

It appears that as the village community becomes increasingly part of the external world, greater acceptance of outside ideology sets in. When Indians are more drawn into the division of labor in the greater society, they begin to accept as part of this division of labor the fact that it is the outsider's job (Church, school, etc.) to rule on matters pertaining to ideology (religion, science, and so on). Unlike Maximino, who is sure of the truth of his stories, most people are full of doubts and when talking with the ethnographer express the idea that he (the ethnographer), as one coming from the outside, knows better than they do the answers to his questions.

821 812 "Who knows, really?" or "Who knows what the truth is?" is a common answer to questions about the nature of the world, the sun, the moon, the volcano, and so on. Often people will confess their ignorance and ask questions in their turn. Sometimes they think it silly that such questions are put to them: "When will the volcano go out? Why! Even the geologists don't know." "How can we know the shape of the world? Some people of this town have never been even in Morelia [state capital]."

773 In relation to the different types of narratives we have described, the same process of change is apparent. Myths are sometimes doubted as perhaps not in keeping with the teachings of the Church. A complete creation myth, for instance, was recorded only after the informant, Mateo, had provided many other tales. When asked why he didn't tell this before, he answered, "I didn't think you would like it." "Is it true?" "Who knows, what do you think? I guess it is only a tale."

538 Mateo likes to tell long and elaborate entertainment stories. When a myth is not quite believed and becomes entertainment, wonder stories seem to be preferred. Also stories learned in school or read from books are highly appreciated. In Jaracuaro (874 inhabitants) two copies of the *Arabian Nights* were located in the possession of literate informants. Some other informants gave stories from that source, considering it among their best. Some were aware of the provenience of the story, but not others.

Experiences with the supernaturals which express this attitude of doubt are often told. Manuel, after telling of a supposed magician, says, "I wonder if this is true or if they just go around playing the suckers." Not only are some experiences doubted; one hears "false experiences" which ridicule certain beliefs. They cause great hilarity and it is to be supposed that they spread skepticism. Some examples follow:

539 771 A woman once told her brother that her husband had gone to the mountains in order to ask the Devil for money. Her brother thought, I am going to answer. He went after his brother-in-law and he heard him shouting, 'Devil, Devil. I want money.' His brother-in-law spoke to him. 'Come here then.' And when he came near to him, he beat him with a whip and he told him, 'Here you have your money.' The other fellow ran to his house and he was so ashamed that when his brother-in-law arrived he went to the attic.

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A widow asks the sexton if the dead really come back at Hallowe'en, so that she can wait for her husband. The sexton instructs her to wait for him and have ready brandy and other things he liked to eat. In the night the sexton goes to the house and passes as the husband and asks for money and brandy. When he leaves he is drunk and falls asleep on the street. Next morning the woman leaves the house and finds that the man she thought was her husband has not been able to go back to the dead. She sees it is the sexton. "You damn —. This man made a fool of me." She takes a stick and beats him and the sexton runs away. And from that day she does not ask any more questions about the dead.

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A boy's sweetheart gives him some food. He suspects she might be trying to bewitch him and takes the food to BA (the town's best known witch). BA tells him the food is dangerous and he keeps it to bury it. When

771 the boy leaves, BA eats it and says, 'What an easy life, that of a sorcerer.'

[539] This basic trend of change is found in both convinced agraristas and militant 771 Catholics, but there are also differences 178 which warrant a discussion.

668 The disbelief attitude is sometimes pushed to an extreme, including doubt as to religion, the authority of the Church, and the need for the cult. We saw how the agraristas identified fiestas with the social order they attacked, and tried to suppress them and the cult completely. A critical position toward religion and the Church is also found among some people who have been subjected to outside influence, including sometimes outside education, and whose political ideas would be called 'radical' although they are not directly connected with local agrarista policies. This can be considered direct national influence.

178 These people scorn the others as super-
771 stitious, fanatics, fools. Myths or experiences with the supernaturals are not believed and are told as something some people do or believe. The language used by Leandro in describing how the people of Cocucho thought their Virgin was weeping tears of blood is typical:

[539] ". . . And as in this town there are a lot of superstitious people, the following day . . .
[781] the woman praying the rosary began shouting and crying as the Virgin was weeping tears of blood because Saint Peter had left . . . And what really happened was that the wind waved the red paper hangings used as ornaments in the church and they were reflected on the image of the Virgin."

771 For the militant Catholics, agraristas
668 are nothing but atheists. They describe them as people who have no religion, as is proved by the fact that they close the churches, ban the priests, and deal sacrilegiously with sacred objects, even destroying and burning the images of the saints.

Negation of the existence of God was recorded by an informant in Arócutin, but we do not have enough material to say to what extent this position obtains. More material from towns preponderantly agrarista is necessary before we can know to what extent lack of belief in the basic teachings of the Church arose in part locally or is due only to the fact that this group has been more under the direct

771 668 [782] is seen not only in their behavior but also in the fact that their ideas about cargos are changing. Whereas for the traditionalist, cargos are a necessary service to God in order to reach heaven, some Catholics oppose this idea. They say it is only custom, an unnecessary expenditure of money, not required to be a good Catholic, and they are supported by the priest. When discussing this point, Manuel has a ready argument: "Do you have cargos in Mexico City? You don't have them there, but people are still good Catholics."

[773] Myths and experiences with the supernatural are usually believed, and sometimes even wonder stories, but the attitude of doubt described before is also found.

Although agraristas or radicals dismiss folk beliefs as superstitions, the prevalent pattern by which folk beliefs disappear is not through lack of belief but by some sort of explanation within the accepted ideology as to why behavior based on the disappearing belief is not found any more. Thus we see in belief the same trend as in the cult, where the tendency is toward a more orthodox Catholicism. Examples follow:

539 In Zopoco there are no rich men because the town Christ "does not allow the *japíngua* to operate", i. e., compacts with the Devil.

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754 778 538 Jarácuaro used to be famous as a center of witchcraft. Prospective witches entered a cave behind the Church to make a compact with the Devil and learn their art. The present lack of witches is attributed to the fact that the entrance to the cave has been covered: "Formerly there were witches because God allowed it. Now he stopped it. What there are now are some magicians who learn in books, but God does not allow many of them. Otherwise with so many books as there are, there would be many magicians and all of them would be causing evil."

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776 539 Elves are no longer seen because the Pope condemned them together with other devils to go back to hell; and they have not been seen thereafter.

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821 539 783 In Cocucho there were many thunderstorms over a certain mountain. "A priest went and blessed a cave in the mountain. A thunderstorm destroyed the cave. They said many people were seen leaving the mountain; they

2:Carrasco E-4, 5 (1945)1952
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Pátzcuaro

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783 were crying and saying people did not care for them any more; they went to Tierra Caliente."

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[778] "Nowadays a dead man's finger is no longer good. In olden times it was useful because miracles still were possible. Now it is all finished, or maybe they were saints? Who knows?"

668 In this Catholic group, the people who have the most contacts with the outside world are not, like the agraristas, those more closely related to the government or school, but those who attend sinarquista rallies even as far away as Morelia or Guadalajara, or send boys to study for the priesthood. Like the agraristas, they are more closely connected with national life than the traditionalists, but they represent a different kind of allegiance to national institutions.

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771 The folk culture of the Tarascan communities has been characterized economically and socially and the main traits of the folk religion have been described. To the extent that the local communities have an economic and social life independent of the external world, an ideology of its own is typical of the folk culture. It is associated mainly with unorganized religion and the celebration and organization of the local Catholic cult. To the extent that the local community is part of a wider society

11: Boyd H-4, 5 (1953) 1958
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prevented the Tarascans from helping Montezuma when he sought additional support against Cortez. Consequently, the Spaniards were able to conquer the Aztec and Tarascan empires separately.

In the legends will be found specific references to some of these historic events and to places located on the accompanying maps (Figs. 1-2). These tales explain some of the natural features of the Tarascan countryside. Frequently, political history is combined with natural history.

Except for references to the four cardinal directions in the first legend and to omens and dreams predicting the coming of the Spaniards in the last two tales, there is no similarity between these Tarascan legends and those of other Indian groups of Mexico.

COLLECTION OF THE LEGENDS

The Tarascan legends and folk tales presented in this paper are a select few of those secured in 1953 by the author and his wife while he was Visiting Professor of History at the University of Michoacán in Morelia, Mexico. They were collected in the villages of Indians who still use the pre-Conquest language and speak of themselves as *Purépecha* rather than as Tarascans.

The etymology of the word "Tarascan" is disputed. The traditional explanation, probably correct, is that the conquistadores took Indian women as wives or concubines and were called *Tarascué* (son-in-law) by the fathers of the girls. Thinking that the term was the name of the tribe, the Spaniards referred to all as *Tarascos* (Foster, 1948, p. 9).

The legend of creation was told in the barrio of Santa Maria in Morelia by Ignacia Peña, a full-blooded Tarascan *serviente* (housemaid) with a third-grade education; the story of the tribal journey to Michoacán was given in Copula by Luis Espinosa, a meztizo with a secondary education, who specializes in pottery making; the tale of Tacamba was told by Fidelia Perez, a full-blooded Tarascan woman with no formal education, in the pueblo of San Gerónimo on the northern shore of Lake Pátzcuaro; the legend of Lake Cuitzeo was a collective effort by several natives

11: Boyd H-4, 5 (1953) 1958
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of the town of Cuitzeo; the other stories were told by Manuel Valenzuela, a former guide around Tzintzuntzan, in his uniquely exciting, urbane style.

Told and retold for generations in their native tongue, these tales were rendered orally in the Spanish of the region and translated into English by the author.

The stories have a continuity dating back to the sixteenth century (Ruiz, 1940). The exact phraseology varies with the individual

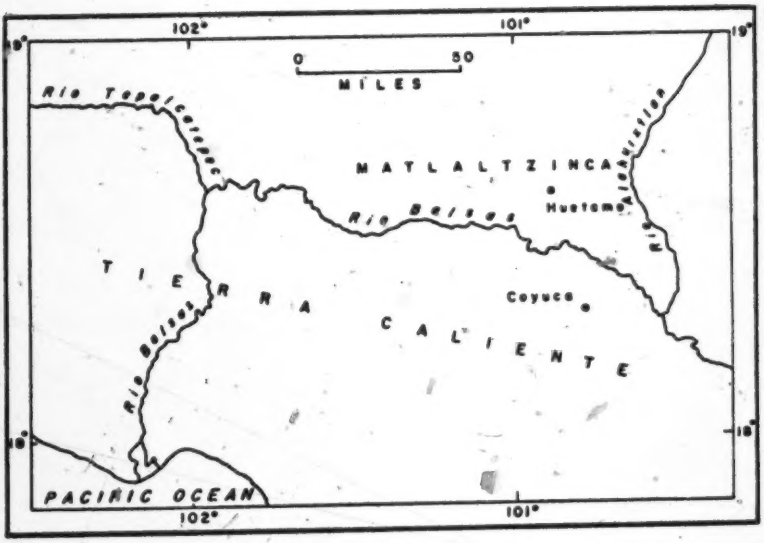

Fig. 2. Map of the Tierra Caliente of Michoacán

narrator, and his rendition usually conforms to the peculiar orientation given by his native pueblo. Some of these legends were published in Spanish by Ruiz in 1940, but this presentation represents their first appearance in English. The Ruiz versions are more elaborate than those presented herein and thereby form an interesting comparison.

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[P.6]

THE LEGENDS

539 [128] [173] [167] The eight Tarascan legends have been arranged in their presumed historical sequence. The creation myth is followed by a legendary account of tribal wanderings until the beautiful and abundant land, Michoacán, was reached.

[175] Next are four love stories explaining natural features of the countryside. The first of these belongs to the period of intertribal wars (1200-1400 A.D.) which eventually consolidated the empire. The second is a simple folk tale explaining the origin of an important spring. Rivalry between political and religious power may be perceived in the third. The fourth reflects palace intrigue and the problems of succession to the throne.

[648] The final two legends deal with the coming of the Spaniards. The first one prophesies their coming and the second presents a rationalization of the Conquest.

[128] The legends are preceded by short notes which place them in historical perspective.

THE BIRTH OF CUERÓHPERI

Historical Comment

539 805 [175] The Tarascans, like other cultured peoples of Mexico and Central America, had knowledge of the calendar. In the *Relación de Michoacán*, a work written probably in 1540-41 by an anonymous Franciscan priest, the names of fourteen of the eighteen Tarascan months of twenty days each are mentioned, and for four of the months the corresponding date in the Christian calendar is given (Caso, 1943).

539 796 793 173 292 At the fiesta of *Uaxcata cónscuaro* (on June 27,) the chief priest, dressed in full pompous regalia, related the history of the nation and its princes.

11: Boyd H-4, 5 (1953) 1958
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nation and its princes. This account forms the principal part of the *Relación* and refers to the marvels of creation performed by their god, Curicaueri. The miracles of the creation are told in the countryside between Lake Pátzcuaro and Lake Cuitzeo as the tale of the birth of Cueróhperi.

The Legend

In the beginning of time there was no light. The silent dwelling place of Curicaueri, the only god at that time, was full of minute (atómica) material which slowly moved around without any order or harmony. Curicaueri realized that his enormous circular eyes could not penetrate the darkness nor contemplate infinity; therefore he created four orbs of light, each burning in one of the cardinal points of the universe, and light existed.

Great shapeless masses from the depths now were reflected in the eyes of the powerful god. From some of the mass, Curicaueri created Huriata, the sun god, naming him father and overseer of the universe. Then Huriata formed the heavenly bodies, ordering that they light the heavens in their own manner.

Thus day and night came into the world.

Through his golden mask Curicaueri smiled upon seeing the light of the four orbs, and, viewing the orderliness which Huriata had given to the universe, he desired to reward Huriata. Thus he created the moon goddess, Cutzi, and presented her to Huriata to take as his wife.

The contact of the two – Father Sun and the Mother Moon – brought darkness to the cosmos. From the two joined bodies, three rays of light broke forth upon the firmament to form three concentric circles around the dusky body of Cutzi.

From the three circles was born Cueróhperi (the creative principle or Mother Nature), the daughter whom Father Sun endowed with beauty and wisdom.

The three rays of light were extended through space, and they caused colors to be reflected from the heavenly bodies and the organized atoms.

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Curicaueri had created light; Cutzi and Huriata created harmony.

Curicaueri heard the hymn which the heavenly bodies intoned in their course through the sky. In addition, the slow, rhythmic beats of the atoms added to his conviction that his work was perfect. Retiring to his dwelling place amidst the four orbs, he sat upon his crossed legs and assumed a contemplative attitude. From this vantage point he beheld Cueróhperi, and, upon seeing how beautiful she was, he launched from his eyes four beams of light which shielded her from the sight of the world. One beam rested upon Cueróhperi's forehead, another upon her heart, another upon her hands, and the last upon her womb.

The daughter of Huriata felt herself pregnant. Below on earth, amidst the crashing of a furious tempest, she gave birth to the mountains, the seas, the lakes, the trees, and the flowers. Father Huriata and Mother Cutzi carefully attended Cueróhperi throughout her ordeal and afterwards maintained the closest vigilance over her, he by day and she by night. The gift of fertility which Curicaueri had given Cueróhperi made her always encumbered with the responsibility of deliverance.

Next she gave birth to the animals of the earth. Then came mankind, to whom she gave wisdom and the name of Purépecha.

The wisdom of the Purépecha was so great that they immediately began to govern the land with a knowing hand, cultivating and populating it in every direction. They created art and brought forth musical tones on magnificent instruments, such as the sweet-sounding ocarina and the sonorous *quiringua*. They painted with the colored plumes of birds, and they worked with stones to construct their dwelling place.

Very soon these men learned of their origin and displayed their gratitude to the gods by making sumptuous altars where they could worship the images of their gods. Curicaueri was represented as seated, with eyes and ears of the finest polished gold. They wished to denote that, in addition to being invisible, he had large eyes and ears in order to see and hear the sufferings of mankind. Besides this deity, the only things capable of seeing human beings

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were the four orbs residing in the heavens.

Huriata daily glittered in the sky, but the Purépecha represented him symbolically with three concentric circles which signified his union with the moon at the moment they created Cueróhperi. The lovely daughter of wisdom, Cueróhperi, was represented as standing nude with her long hair gathered in the form of a crown, with her hands resting beneath her breasts offering perpetual nourishment, and with her womb always ready to give forth fruit. In her they saw nature, to whose immutable laws all things are obedient.

Dance of the Viejitos

Related to the above legend is the still famous Dance of the Viejitos (little old men). It has its origins in the ancient past, but how old it is no one knows. Such a dance existed before the days of the Conquest, and the influence of the legend of creation is discernible in it.

The dancers of the Tarascan villages around Lake Pátzcuaro (Fig. 1) carry heavy staffs with an animal's head carved on the handle. They wear white cotton trousers, tunics with red sashes tied at the side, wide-brimmed hats with low crowns, and painted wooden masks depicting old faces.

The musician directs the dancing *viejitos*, usually youths, who dance collectively and individually, each trying to outdo the other in steps and clowning. In one of their serious figures, called "the cross of the four stars," the dancers form four files, each pointing in one of the cardinal directions. The four stars presumably represent the four orbs within which was the abode of Curicaueri.

In the little village of Petamba, sometimes as many as forty *viejitos* take part. One dancer wears a mask of a pretty white face, symbolic of Cutzi, the moon goddess (Locke, 1956, p. 372, illustrates this mask). The dancers form two files and each one dances with the woman wearing the white mask; then they form a great circle around her; next, in pairs, they pay reverential respect to

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The Legend

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After traveling for many years, centuries perhaps, the Purépecha arrived at the banks of Lake Pátzcuaro. During their lengthy migration those who had departed from the land of their origin as small children grew into manhood; the virile men grew old; and the old ones fell to the earth like trees before the tempestuous hurricane.

Sons of the sons of the original emigrants were those who finally beheld the blue sky and green mountains reflected in the crystal ripples of the lake.

Around the campfire the forefathers traditionally related that far behind lay the land which was lighted at night by the four mysterious orbs, or stars. In their travels the Purépecha had journeyed near the mountains which vomited fire, where Father Huriata had his abode. Next they had passed through dense woods and stayed for awhile in the region where the two oceans were visible – one ocean giving birth to light and the other engendering the shades of darkness. Upon their departure they circled the destroyed cities of Copán and Quirigua in the ancient empire of the Maya and passed the sacred city of Mictlan. From this point they crossed the waters of Tzacatollan upon rafts of hewn logs and, after walking for many moons, finally arrived in a fertile land. The mild climate, fragrant air, and richness of the fruit tempted them to remain here forever.

After traveling for many years, centuries, perhaps, the Purépecha had learned many things from the various peoples who had given them shelter and hunting privileges within their dominions.

From the remote villages the Purépecha learned about the course of the heavenly bodies and the change of the seasons. Also they were taught how to work in stone, to mold clay, to cook venison over a fire, and to weave the fibers of plants. Above all else they worshipped the goddess Cueróhperi, who created all earthly things, and Huriata, who cared for them by day, and Cutzi, who watched over them by night.

When they arrived before Lake Pátzcuaro, they beheld with

11: Boyd H-4, 5 (1953) 1958
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173 amazement this marvelous spectacle of blue. The people roamed about briefly before choosing Tarerio as the site for their village. Fish and game abounded here in quantities beyond imagination.

The Purépecha were happy; but one morning Guaricaten, cacique of the island of Jarácuaro and lord of all the land in the region, arrived in Tarerio demanding to see the leader of the Purépecha.

To the venerable Cuiniurin he spoke: "Cuiniurin, since you are the eldest and the tribes obey your orders, I am speaking to you. For many moons I have permitted you and your people to rest here, recuperating from the rigors of the long journey from the hot lands of the south, whence you came. No longer can you remain here. Your race is prolific, and very soon the land which you people now occupy will not be sufficient. My own people now need this land. Leave with your belongings for the lands which are not as yet occupied."

With these words Guaricaten finished speaking and departed with his retinue, returning by canoe to the island of Jarácuaro. Cuiniurin immediately called together all his people and ordered the priest Petamuti to tell everyone assembled what was the will of their god Curicaueri.

When Petamuti rose to speak, the people anxiously leaned forward to hear his words. Suddenly all assembled saw a flock of swallows draw near. Hovering above the birds was a hawk which pursued them. The frightened birds sought refuge by alighting among the closely gathered people, and a warrior shot an arrow at the rapacious hawk. The arrow squarely struck the swooping bird, which fell dying to the ground. The swallows simultaneously arose in flight toward the four cardinal directions.

Petamuti spoke: "My chief, just as the birds so too is our destiny. Since birth we have traveled and worked, and a superior force, a supreme destiny, will conquer our enemies. Again we Purépecha shall move. Let us follow the path marked by the flight of the swallows, and where we find them singing we shall work and live happily."

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The following day Cuiniurin divided all his people into four tribes. One circled the lake eastward to the bank opposite Jarácuaro and founded Tzintzuntzan. Another tribe headed southward into La Sierra, settling in Tingambato. The third tribe traveled northward, stopping upon the rocky hill of Zacapu. The other sought refuge in the west at the headwaters of a river and called the site Carapan.

Thus it was that the four tribes, who came from the region brightened at night by the four lights of the Southern Cross, settled in the four cardinal points of Michoacán: in Tzintzuntzan, Tingambato, Zacapu, and Carapan (Fig. 1). The Purépecha built their homes of dried clay and lived like the swallows, singing and working. Valiantly they defended their land against those who questioned their right of possession. Father Hurjata was with them.

On certain nights, in conformity with their sacred rites, they prepared four burning piles of wood pointing toward the four cardinal points in honor of Curicaueri. They danced and sang in joy; never was it the custom to become inebriated. Early the following day all the women would take some water and pitch it afar; the men would dispatch arrows into the sky; all the children would hurl stones through the air. Through such symbolical actions they demonstrated how they took possession of, and defended, their land against those who disputed their right of ownership.

Since then the Purépecha have possessed the land of Michoacán. They fought first with the neighboring races until, one by one, all were conquered or allied with them. Most of the credit for this has been attributed to the great Purépecha people.

Later they fought the Tecos in the west, the Huachichiles and Chichimecos in the north, and finally the Aztecs who came from the east. In all their battles they were victorious.

Their government was patriarchal; their religion remained simple and poetic; their occupations were fishing and handicrafts, the latter laboriously and beautifully executed. They were a people gentle in peace and brave in battle.

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THE LEGEND OF LAKE CUITZEO

Historical Comment

539 131 103 133 823 On the main highway leading northwest from Mexico City to Guadalajara, an arterial road leads off to the north at Morelia and passes by Lake Cuitzeo and the pueblo of the same name (Fig. 1). Like all Mexican lakes, Cuitzeo is annually shrinking in size. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of the tiny pueblo will gladly tell you the story of their once-proud lake which formerly resembled a heart.

539 175 648 721 726 This story belongs to a period of instability and planned warfare between the late twelfth and early fourteenth centuries. Spies were sent into the lands of the snake-Chichimecs, located east of Lake Pátzcuaro at Curínguaro, to learn the paths, river crossings, and other data essential to a successful compaign.

Warriors went to battle with wreaths of flowers and plumes of eagle feathers on their heads. The lord in command would set out with a war party made up of columns of warriors. This traditional method of journeying to battle appears in the Cuitzeo legend.

The Legend

539 823 Under the protective rays of the Southern Cross, those divine guiding stars, Cueróhperi created a garden. The goddess created crystalline rivers in the countryside of Guayangareo and placed the faithful Mount Manuma as the guardian over the region.

In this garden the princess Hapunda lived as a recluse by order of her father. Each morning Father Huriata's first rays of light gently awakened her with a kiss on the forehead. She was so lovely that her subjects called her "Tzinziquin." Always sad and melancholy, her tears flowed as profusely as the waters of the springs forming the rushing river which fell over the nearby cliffs and crashed against the rocks blocking the pathway into the lower valley. The relentless waters penetrated the rock, but the tears of Hapunda did not move the hearts of the gods, and she vainly

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pined for the speedy return of her beloved warrior who had accompanied the king on his path of conquest.

Finally, one morning as Father Huriata's splendrous rays appeared over the mountain, hundreds of warriors filed across the vast plains of Cuaracurío. The commotion of the warriors drove to flight a beautiful hummingbird, which disappeared in the distance with the swiftness of an arrow. The princess, who had often fed the bird from her hand, watched disconsolately as it became lost from view.

Quickly she ran to greet the troops, anxiously questioning them concerning her beloved warrior. In the faces of the Tarascan fighters she beheld sadness and compassion. Trembling with fear, she fell on her knees in the path of the king.

"My father," she said, "return to me my beloved warrior who entered your service and left on this campaign. With your permission, my eyes will behold him as the vanquisher of our enemies."

The king made a gesture with his hand. The warriors fell into silence in order that all could hear the voice of their leader.

"My daughter Hapunda, beautiful 'Tzinziquin,' an arrow of the barbarous Chichimecs struck him while he stood in the midst of my warriors. Our god, Father Huriata, wanted his blood and I have deposited his heart in a box at the god's feet in the temple."

A low, audible moan came from the princess. With her eyes rolling wildly, she ran to the temple where the impressive golden disk of the god gleamed from its setting in precious wood. The grave, dignified priests were unable to restrain the impetuous Hapunda as she seized the box containing the heart of her lover and fled into the depths of the valley below. There, among the tall flowers, she concealed herself while directing her demented eyes first in one direction and then another, seeking a place to hide the box and its remains. Her insensible ears could not hear the voice of her father who futilely called and called and called.

The sun set beneath the hills and the moon passed beneath a cloud. All was dark and Hapunda remained silent. Finally, from her grief-stricken eyes emerged rivers of tears which inundated the valley.

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539 823 At daybreak the astonished king and warriors beheld, instead of a flourishing valley, a lake whose waters formed the shape of a heart.

These things occurred many years ago, but each morning Father Huriata continues to kiss with his first rays of light the crystal-clear waters created by Princess Hapunda, the beautiful "Tzinzi-quin."

QUIRITZÍCUARO (THE GREAT FOUNTAIN)

Historical Comment

312 [539] [361] The legend of Quiritzícuaro refers to one of the most significant factors in the life of the Tarascans—a needed spring to furnish a constant supply of fresh water. Almost every town in Michoacán is located beside a lake or is near a spring. While the territory to the north and to the south of La Sierra abounds in springs, their scarcity in La Sierra itself has always been a problem. In pre-Conquest times, many towns supplemented the flow from the local spring by constructing aqueducts of hollowed half-logs to bring in water from springs some distance away. This method is still used in many of the pueblos of La Sierra.

312 584 [178] The discovery of a new spring has been charmingly linked with a tradition existing for centuries in the highland pueblos of La Sierra, where the young people carry on their limited courtship while walking to and from the water fountain. The maiden loiters and gazes across the fields, never facing her suitor directly, and listens as he talks to her. His presence on the road to the fountain, although understood by the townspeople and usually prearranged with the girl, must give the appearance of being quite accidental.

361 49 [539] The pueblo of Paracho, referred to in the legend, is one of three significant Tarascan villages on the road that leaves the main highway at Carapan and winds southward for forty-five miles through pine and oak woods and small cultivated valleys to Uruapan (Fig. 1). Paracho is still primitively picturesque. The town's

11: Boyd H-4, 5 (1953) 1958
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ancient art of guitar making has aided in the preservation of folk songs and possibly folk tales.

The Legend

The pretty Tzintzin, the modest and genteel priestess of the sun, unwittingly tantalized the young Tarascan warriors with her deep red lips and brilliant black eyes. As was her custom, she went out one day with her empty jar on her shoulder to obtain some water from the fountain.

The Tarascan region was famed for its beautiful young maidens. However, among handsome young men it was the mention of Tzintzin's name that inspired the most ardent emotions, wild desires, and impossible aspirations — impossible because her heart already had been given to a young huntsman. The fortunate youth was the elegant Quanicoti, the best hunter and warrior in the kingdom. He wore the most beautiful skins and feathers in Paracho.

The souls of the young priestess and hunter were united in love as pure as the fragrance of flowers, as clean as the breath of spring. However, their devotion was as impetuous as the rushing waterfall in the Tzaráracua stream, falling in multicolored ribbons as in homage to the gods.

That afternoon as Tzintzin walked through the forest, her lover awaited to offer her the prettiest flower in the meadow and to help her carry the water home. Upon sighting one another, the eternal dialogue of love, the same in all ages and all languages, began its course.

As usual, time passed rapidly without the two lovers noting the lowering of Father Sun in his course through the sky. Always such tardiness evoked reproaches from Tzintzin's venerable parents. This afternoon the lovers were so engrossed in words of love that Father Sun approached the horizon and hid behind a rose-colored cloud. Gently the song of the nightingale fell upon the ears of the happy couple. Tzintzin gazed lovingly upon her lover as he left her.

Suddenly, in anguish, Tzintzin realized that the time had

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passed and she had not gone to the fountain and filled her empty jug with water. She fell to her knees and directed her gaze at the rose-rimmed cloud hiding Father Sun. Tearfully, she prayed that the god would enable her to discover water nearby, so as not to incur the anger of her parents.

Her supplication was humble and sincere, because Tzintzin was a good girl. While she remained on her knees, a small beautifully colored bird arose from the center of a cluster of flowers. At that instant the last rays of Father Sun broke through the cloud and revealed drops of water which shone like diamonds falling from the feathers of the rising bird. This was the sign Tzintzin sought.

She parted the flowers and gazed into the pure, clear depths of a beautiful and hitherto unknown spring. Filling her jar, she returned home. Her parents were greatly surprised to see her return so quickly [she actually was late but the narrator said "so quickly" to emphasize the nearness of the new spring] and they supposed that Quanicoti had aided her with the water jar. However, she explained that she had discovered a new fountain of water near the road where her people traveled for decades.

The news of the fountain spread. The people from neighboring villages came to see the new source of water. Its depth was such that they called it Quiritzícuaro (the great fountain), and it still exists today to the east of the village of Paracho.

Always when the pretty Tzintzin visited this spot to hear Quanicoti's protestations of love, Father Sun smiled approvingly upon them with his brilliant, profound eye.

HUANITA

Historical Comment

In "Just as the Birds," the narrator spoke of one group of Tarascans who travelled northward to settle upon the rocky hill of Zacapu. At some uncertain time in the twelfth century, these Tarascans conquered the people of Naranjo and then moved south-

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east over the mountains into the Lake Pátzcuaro region, stopping at the base of the Cerro (hill) de Guayameo (Fig. 1). Unsettled conditions lasted for probably two hundred years until the Zacapu Tarascans, under Chief Tariácuri, established their supremacy in the region.

Tariácuri is considered the father of the Tarascan empire. Apparently, he lived during the last years of the fourteenth century, since, according to Tarascan count, his reign ended in the Christian year of 1400 A.D. After Tariácuri's death, the kingdom was temporarily divided before it fell to his nephew Tangáxhuan.

The narrator of the following legend erred in referring to Tangáxhuan as Tariácuri's son; rather he was the son of Aramen, Tariácuri's brother. The factual basis of the love story of Tangáxhuan and Huanita lies in that twilight realm where fact and fantasy are difficult to separate. If true, its facts date from the early fifteenth century.

The Legend

Throughout the land of the Tarascans it is still said that on the evenings of *Cutzi-huiripen* (the full moon), as the winds gently move through the birch trees and pass over the flower-covered hillsides, a song may be heard which recalls to the listeners the memory of the charming Huanita.

Huanita was the daughter of the woods, the beloved favorite of Cueróhperi (Mother Nature). The reeds of the lake were less graceful in movement than she; her perfectly molded figure was more beautiful than any flower of the field; and the long silken hair which spread over her voluptuous shoulders exuded a sweeter fragrance than the aromatic *ocote* tree.

Tangáxhuan, son of the powerful Tarascan king Tariácuri, loved Huanita. However, the beautiful daughter of the forest, who also adored the prince, could not disclose her love for him nor weave the threads of his robe because of her special destiny. She had been ordered by the priests of Tariácuri to burn incense in the temple of the gods and not to listen to the words of any lover.

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From among the Tarascan maidens she had been chosen as the Huriat-pari, the consecrated virgin of the sun god, to carry the standard of the sun for her tribe. As the Huriat-pari, she was forbidden to be the wife of any man.

But Tangáxhuan dared to arouse the anger of the gods. He spoke to Huanita of his undying love for her. She listened and was won. Eventually, though, the anger of the gods was to descend upon them.

Tangáxhuan and Huanita believed that they were living alone and unwatched in the birch forest, but the sacrilegious priest Candó knew of their hiding place. Then one day the prince left to fight at the side of his father, Tariácuri, in defense of Pátzcuaro.

By this time Candó no longer carried out his priestly duties before the altar of the temple of Cueróhperi, nor did he worship at the temple of Tacup-achá (another name for Curicaueri). Instead, he secretly burned rich incense before the image of the false god Cuenomen.

Taking advantage of the absence of Tangáxhuan, Candó kidnapped the unsuspecting Huanita. The terrified girl pleaded tearfully but in vain with the enamored priest. He carried her far away. They passed through Carapan, then Tzirapu, eventually reaching the beautiful, rustic place called Taninitzicuaro (Tangancicuaro) where three springs arose from the earth. He left Huanita in the care of one of the high priests of Xhacúnan (Jacona), the second capital of the Tequecha people. [These villages are a few miles south and southeast of Zamora (Fig. 1).]

Many suns passed. Hundreds of emissaries were sent out by Tangáxhuan in search of Huanita upon the termination of the war. From village to village they vainly sought for information concerning the daughter of the forest. Equally fruitless was the aromatic incense offered to Cueróhperi. The angry gods would not be placated.

The searchers were in Cuérecan, Jacona, Paxácuaran, Pajacuarán, Xhacunan, [villages between Zamora and Patamban.]

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and even Patamban, but vainly they fought against destiny. No one had seen Huanita. The diligent emissaries were defeated in their search. They returned home carrying branches of *parietarias* as a symbol of lamentation and sacrificed them on the altar of Cueróhperi.

One morning, at sunrise, Huanita obtained permission from the high priest to go to the springs of Camécuaro. In this shaded sanctuary the unhappy girl went to disclose her grief to the gods, beseeching Cueróhperi to return her to Tangáxhuan. She wept and her tears fell into the waters of the deepest spring of Camécuaro, where they were instantly changed into silvery pearls; at the same time her sighs of longing went to dwell among the swaying branches of the forest, forming a sad and mysterious lullaby.

Suddenly, from the underbrush, the odious Candó appeared. Upon seeing him, Huanita quickly arose, and, with her long black hair flying in the wind, she furiously hurled herself upon the malevolent priest. But he overcame her and dragged her to the base of a birch tree, whose leaves were just beginning to reflect the golden rays of the rising sun.

Huanita, exhausted but with angry eyes, was on the verge of succumbing. Candó confidently smiled and put aside his robe. He was preparing to force himself upon his victim, but a strange hum broke through the woods. An arrow sped across the clearing, passed through the body of the wicked priest, and lodged itself at the base of the tree. Instantly, warm, blue water gushed forth at the spot where the arrow punctured the tree trunk.

The arrow had been shot from the bow of Tangáxhuan, who had followed the footsteps of the traitor.

The sun had fully arisen in the east; the bell-flowers, the heliotropes, and the stars-of-the-field had now opened their fragrant petals. The silence was accentuated even more by the soft murmuring of the trickling water. The stillness was interrupted only by the last tremors of the dying body in the withered leaves and by a couple who walked arm in arm singing a prayer of love.

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SESIHÁNGARI

Historical Comment

By the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Tarascan kingdom extended into the present states of Jalisco, Colima, and Guerrero, and thereby reached its greatest limits of expansion. King Zuangua (called Singuangua in the following legend of Sesihángari) ruled over this vast area not only as the highest political authority but also as the representative and incarnation of the primordial god Curicaueri. Thus he had the twofold responsibility of ruling the country and maintaining the cult of the god.

In respect to this latter duty, the king had a woman known as the *quataperi* who supervised all the women of the royal household, including the group comprised of daughters of important men of the empire. These women passed their days preparing items to be used as offerings to the god and were permitted to leave the royal enclosure only at the time of fiestas.

The story of one of these young women is a Tarascan tradition that was carefully and secretly transmitted from generation to generation, never being disclosed to outsiders until the wars of revolution in the early nineteenth century. At that time it became known when the Indians openly applauded the noble virtues displayed by Sesihángari in the face of adversity. As thousands of their countrymen fell into more desperate circumstances, this legend was popularized. Sesihángari's acceptance of death for that which she held dear in the face of evil oppression became a staunch subject of reference for the nineteenth-century Indian revolutionaries.

The Legend

Sesihángari, the strikingly beautiful daughter of the cacique of Patamban, was brought to the Purépecha court. Upon her arrival in the royal city of Tzintzuntzan, the ladies of the court crowned her with flowers on the steps of the palace and dressed her in a

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white robe lined with beautiful colors.

The ancient king Singuangua, upon beholding her, was dazzled with her youthful beauty. Realizing that it would be unjust to marry her because of his advanced age, the compassionate monarch paternally consecrated her as priestess of the Sun. She was housed in the *guandaperata*, the sacred mansion of the *guananchecha* (vestal virgins) of the cult of Tucupa-acha.

The princess Sesihángari, respecting the Purépecha traditions, graciously accepted the honor which King Singuangua bestowed upon her. Her humility only accentuated her loveliness. She only requested that she be permitted to continue her customary baths in the marvelous medicinal springs found in her father's territory. This the monarch granted with pleasure, appointing a group of the vestals to accompany her. To his surprise the waters seemed to work a miracle among the vestals, for in a short time they returned to court flowing with loveliness.

Intrigued by the phenomenon which converted the vestals into gems of magnificent beauty, the king ordered an investigation to determine the cause of the miraculous transformation. His wise men reported that the change could be traced to the magic power of the sulphureous mud from the enchanted marsh, situated eastward in the mountainous country near Taximaroa (Fig. 1). The boiling waters found there, they said, proceeded from the center of the earth and still contained their divine power.

Prince Tanimaranscua, one of the sons of King Singuangua, and Sesihángari fell deeply in love with one another. The king not only approved of their courtship but silently hoped they would marry. According to custom, a Purépecha priestess could marry only with the king's permission.

Prince Tzimtzicha, who was next in succession to inherit the throne, also loved Sesihángari and was jealous of his younger brother Tanimaranscua.

At length the old king died. His son Tzimtzicha succeeded him, and, according to custom, he took as his wives those of the preceding monarch. However, Tzimtzicha wanted Sesihángari as his wife.

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539 644 173 Fearing his brothers, especially Tanimaranscua, he gave orders that they be killed and the deed was done. The bodies of the murdered princes were still warm when the grief-stricken Sesihángari, with her hair flying in wild disorder, hurriedly took a torch and set fire to the palace where the bodies lay. Tongues of fire darted about and covered the regal mansion. The ceiling gave way, permitting the black smoke to rise heavenward and thereby making the sinister spectacle more awesome.

Among the leaping flames the onlookers saw Sesihángari embracing the body of her beloved Tanimaranscua. Before the horrified eyes of all, their two bodies were consumed in the flames. Thus were the two unified souls released in love and carried heavenward.

For centuries the Purépecha people remembered the terrible sight of the beautiful, grief-stricken princess.

THE DIVINE INCHÁTIRO

Historical Comment

173 539 787 [171] The folklore of the Indians of Mexico and Central America in pre-Conquest times referred to unusual omens—comets, burning temples, and dreams—which warned of the arrival of a strange people. The Tarascans were not exceptional in this respect [643] [631] [645] (Ramirez, 1903, pp. 11-12). King Zuangua at the nerve center of the empire in Tzintzuntzan and his vassal princes at Tingambato, Coyucán, and elsewhere were sitting in their political offices, fearful lest the sands of time were running out for the Tarascans.

173 539 [487] In the legend of Inchátiro those uneasy times are brought back like a breath of the past. Tingambato, the home of Camachuén, was, and still is, an important stopping point on a trail leading from La Sierra southeast to the Tierra Caliente (Fig. 1).

175 539 648 Since the time of Tariácuri at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Tarascans and Aztecs fought over the Tierra Caliente (Fig. 2).[1A] The Matlaltzincas, sometimes called Pirindas, were said to have aided the Tarascans against the Aztecs. For this assis-

1A [See Category 116, P. 5 -- Analyst]

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tance the Malaltzincas were granted a large area between Tacámbaro and Huetamo. The word Huetamo itself is Matlaltzinca, and there is still a "Pirinda" barrio (ward) in the town (Osborne, 1943, p. 61).

Clearly discernible are elements of Spanish Catholic acculturation in the dream portion of the legend. Also evident is the philosophical rationalization of a conquered people who had to accept and adjust to alien rule for an indefinite time into the future.

The Legend

The first morning rays illuminated the sky over Tingambato. It was the month of *duari* in the year of *ocelotl*. Three small cloudlets had just finished bathing the corpulent *ocote* trees and the sighing pines with a light rainfall.

The yellow-like dust of this land was unfertile, whereas in days long past it had been the site of great forests and immense meadows covered with exuberant vegetation, wild and fruitful. Formerly the jaguar had stalked here among the undergrowth; the timid *cú* bird had rendered his monotonously doleful notes; and, above all, the hummingbird (Tzintzún), the divine bird of the Tarascans, had sung his gorgeous melodies as if in offering to the god Curicaueri.

The day was fresh and all of nature was awakening. Over in the distance, mountain tops were running in and out of the shadows, just as in a dream of long ago hope had run its path of illusions. Camachuén was dreaming of those faraway things of the spirit, of those faraway things of love, where love was losing to hopelessness.

Camachuén (the protected of the gods), king of Tingambato, was thoughtfully walking in his garden which was filled with trees and flowers. There had been no calamity concerning his people which could be bothering him, nor was he concerned with Irichacuara, king of Pátzcuaro, with whom he had fought in times past. Furthermore, both King Characu, king of the Matlatzincas

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(Pirindas), and the Tarascan Emperor Calzonzin were at peace with their powerful armies. Camachuén's preoccupation on this day was with something greater and more profound. Camachuén was thinking about the divine Inchátiro, Queen of Xicalán (which means "the grace of the gods").

He was terribly disturbed because the hour had come when the villages of his people would be destroyed and his gods thrown from the temples. His race, the race of the Purépecha—descendants of King Tariácuri—had defied time and distance, sea and enemies, to place their homes on the edge of the deep blue waters of Tzirahuén, where they had erected a monument in memory of King Tziragu. But now the time had arrived when his people would wander alone among the mountains like driven beasts, because the children of the Sun would come from the east to conquer his people, take away their lands, destroy their homes, and smash their gods.

What would happen to his divine Inchátiro? In vain he had visited the sanctuary of Tazcapu [Zacapu] and made offerings to the god Curicaueri. Many mornings at daybreak he had prostrated himself in the midst of the forest and begged for the protection of the god of the sky, but without results. Camachuén remained grief-stricken.

Three moons passed. The dry leaves fell from the tall pines and all of nature was entering into a sad sleep. At last the prophecy of Guiapara, the high priest of Tzintzuntzan, was to occur. At first Camachuén thought it would be better to order his people to take arms and defend themselves until death released them. But he relented and decided to comply with the will of the gods. In tearful anguish he thought of the misery, hunger, and slavery which the future generations of his people would have to undergo. Only the Father of the Indians could know how tormented he was.

Another gloomy day arrived and Camachuén had not seen his beloved Inchatiro. He took the road to Xicalán and arrived at the palace still sad and pensive, thinking of the destiny which the gods had reserved for his people.

"Why are you sad?" asked Inchátiro wonderingly. "What sin-

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ister grief afflicts you?"

The unhappy Camachuén replied, explaining to her that the gods had become angry with the people and were going to punish them. Above all, he feared for her. Then, unburdening his heart to her, he related the following dream which Curicaueri had revealed to him:

> I saw you reigning in your palace, divinely beautiful as always. Your gardens were covered with multi-colored flowers. All the people of Xicalán were paying tribute to you. The aroma of the fresh flowers and breezes from the fields passed through your balcony, caressing you. The gods, envious of your virtues, were watching your virginal heart, and they learned that you always thought of me ... and after that ... a shadow, black as night, covered my dream, and everything was horrible.
>
> The white men had arrived and invaded our villages and your palace. There, in your quarters, a stranger was living and you were caressing him, giving him your love and, finally, your heart. You had forgotten the oath taken before the altar of our gods. You had forgotten the hatred existing between our race and theirs. I did not raise my knife to kill the stranger, because the gods detained my hand, saying that such an act was not mine by right to do.
>
> And then my soul, wandering among the dark shadows of the night, wrote in letters of light upon your heart the phrase LOVE AND HOPE. Love and hope, that is the pathway of life which enables us to reach the abode of our gods. Love those who suffer, for they are our brothers; hope is their redemption. On the road of life must be planted our deepest sorrow in future hope.
>
> Remember that all have the right to live, and that a tenth of our good fortune must be shared with those who are hungry and needy.
>
> Remember that if you have bread, the poor do not have bread; that if you have good fortune, the

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poor have only pain and sorrow. The poor is our brother; the rich is our master. Love the poor; he is of our race. The rich is the foreigner; he pays us with sarcasm and jokes. Remember always that he who suffers and cries needs your help. These are the maxims of love.

THE LEGEND OF TACAMBA

Historical Comment

All the drainage of southwestern Michoacán is southward to the Balsas river, the heart of the tropical region. This area was in pre-Spanish times seemingly under Tarascan domain (Osborne, 1943). Coyucán, mentioned in the legend of Tacamba as being one of the seats of Tarascan power at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is probably the town of Coyuca, a scant thirty-five miles south of present Huetamo (Fig. 2). At the time of the Conquest it was still an area of dispute between the Tarascans and the Aztecs, although both sides were temporarily at peace.

The wars between the Tarascans and Aztecs over this area accounted in large part for the refusal of Siguangua and Tzimtzicha to lend Tarascan support to the Aztecs against the Spaniards, thereby enabling the conquistadores to defeat both empires separately.

Tacamba, like Camachuén of the preceding legend, was one of the vassal princes of the Tarascan empire under King Siguanga and Tzimtzicha, his successor, at the time of the coming of the Spaniards. The death of Siguangua is accurately preserved in the body of the legend. In the first year of the Spanish arrival on the borders of Michoacán, smallpox and dysentery brought by Spanish messengers struck the Tarascan capital killing the king and his chief priests. The epidemic continued to take a terrible toll among the native population, weakening the Tarascans for the Spanish Conquest.

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The Legend

Tacamba resided in one of the most colorful sites of the Tierra Caliente, that florid region which marks the descent of the sierra as it breaks away in a spectacular fashion toward the Pacific coast.

Tacamba, a descendant of the legendary Hirepan, was one of the four chieftains of the Michoacán alliance. His kingdom was the richest and most fertile of the four provinces comprising the Tzintzuntzan empire. His capital city of Coyucán, the city of the eagles, sat on the edge of the river that flowed through the luxuriant tropical growth to Zacatula.

The prince was a young man. His tall, willowy stature reminded one of the tropical plant whose name he bore. His countenance was calm and profound, like the brilliance of a star on a calm, clear night. He had spent his life in the tranquility of Coyucán and in the hostilities of the army. At times his life had been like the gentle winds which wove their course through the pines; on other occasions he had lived as violently as the hurricane which pushes aside the oak that falls in its invincible path.

Generous and magnanimous by nature, he did not enjoy war. Nevertheless, when the chief of the quadruple alliance sought his help, Tacamba was the most prudent in council and the most valiant in combat. In spite of the demands of the priests, he never caused a single captive to climb the stairs leading to the sacrificial altar.

During the epochs of peace, this prince taught his people how to improve upon their cultivation of the fertile land in the kingdom and how to advance the rudimentary hand industries which had begun throughout the land.

From time to time Tacamba moved his court to a small valley bearing his name. He had constructed a walled castle on the bluff overlooking the crystalline alberca of Chupio, famous for its nightly visit by the sirens who came by a secret canal from the ocean to sing.

This fortress, situated on the elevated heights, offered a splen-

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173 539 did view in every direction. To the north the peaks of the pine-covered mountains were lost among the clouds; on the south the outline of a strange, fantastic ridge loomed through the thick haze of the hot country; directly below the palace lay the primordial valley and the poetic lake.

Here Tacamba spent many of his days devoted to important matters of government, while at night he directed his gaze upward into celestial space where innumerable other worlds gave testimony to the immense power of the gods. Was it during such a moment as this that the coming of other men to enslave his people was revealed to him? Many evenings his subjects noted that their young monarch stood alone on the roof of his palace and sang sweet but melancholy songs to Tucupa-Ácha, the supreme ruler of the universe.

173 539 648 When the rumor concerning the arrival of the Spaniards spread throughout the land, Tacamba listened without showing the least surprise. He sent emissaries to all corners of his realm, and one month later twenty thousand of his men were encamped near Chupio on the banks of the two rivers which bathed tropical Turicato. He knew that the proud Aztec king, Montezuma, had sought aid from the Tarascans and he desired to be the first to offer troops.

When the court at Tzintzuntzan chose to remain neutral, Tacamba's surprise and despair was beyond measure. Cautioning his troops to stay there, the prince hastened to the imperial city in hopes that he could overcome the apathy of the aged emperor with reason and logic.

The reigning monarch of the vast empire of Michoacán was King Siguangua, formerly bold and valorous but now old and weak in body and mind.

Tacamba used his eloquence in vain. Fruitlessly he appealed to religious sentiment, to love of the Tarascan countryside, to the pride of the formerly invincible race; finally he spoke of the fear and superstition which now held in bondage the souls of the Purépecha nobles.

Sometime later a smallpox epidemic spread its desolation among the families of the kingdom. The first of the victims to succumb

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to the disease was the Tarascan king, whose death added to the panic which had already seized the people.

Then Tzimtzicha ascended the throne once occupied by the powerful descendents of Tariácuri. At the same time the Spaniards were conquering the hitherto invincible Aztec city of Tenochtitlán. Unhappily, Tacamba watched the dissolution of that race which had always distinguished itself through its strength and courage. The race of eagles seemed like a band of timid doves quivering at the presence of a hawk.

Tacamba, however, like a faithful subject, united his destiny with that of his king. Later, when the disgraced monarch of Tzintzuntzan was a prisoner, Tacamba stayed at his side and lovingly carried the heavy chains which bound Tzimtzicha. He saw how the greed of the Conquistadores for gold drove them to torture the king, and he heard the courageous dying words of the martyred Tzimtzicha.

Tacamba could no longer contain himself. Vowing eternally to hate the invaders of his native land, he placed himself at the head of many warriors and began the short but mighty epoch of slaughter and extermination before the *encomienda* system was established in Michoacán by Hernando Cortez.

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DISCUSSION

539 Tarascan legends may be examined from many viewpoints, including those of history, ethnology, psychology, and literature. Probably the most important consideration is the basic function they fulfill for the Tarascans—a function so significant that the legends have survived to the present. Only a brief analysis of these factors can be made in this study.

539 173 174 [167] As orally transmitted history they leave much to be desired, but they contain usable references which support other data. While one may doubt that the Tarascans originated in South America, as suggested in "Just as the Birds," migration myths are fairly common in the folklore of Indians of the Americas. To some extent they probably indicate dim memories of tribal migrations.

539 796 782 [727] The reference in the legend of Lake Cuitzeo to the placing of the warrior's heart in the temple as an offering to the sun god, Huriata, is a reasonably accurate account of ceremonial usages. In early times the Tarascans made offerings of deer meat to their gods; later, human sacrifice was instituted. War prisoners were preferred, and one reason for war was to have sufficient victims. In any event, the presentation of the victim's heart was the choicest possible offering to Huriata.

539 [178] [193] Items of psychological interest include the need to explain natural features of the countryside, as shown in the story of Quiritzícuaro. The change of Candó from a good to a bad priest in the legend of Huanita may refer to defrocked clergymen of post-Conquest times, but most likely it refers to a period of temporary degeneration among the hereditary priestly class during the days of Chief Tariyaran some two hundred years before Conquest times.

539 175 648 In this same vein, the legend of Inchátiro shows the depressed psychic condition of these indigenous people as the result of the Conquest. The dream portion in the same legend reveals the nature

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The dream portion in the same legend reveals the nature of the Tarascan people's subsequent acceptance of the Conquest through the successful teachings of the Catholic church.

As literature, the legends are presented in language which seems remarkably artistic and urbane for the Tarascan's menial status and lack of education in modern Mexico. However, it should be remembered that from the beginning these stories had a direct religious association and the Petamuti undoubtedly demanded rather exact adherence to theoretical norms of oral literature by the neophyte who would succeed him as the bearer and guardian of folk tradition. The conditions of their annual telling at the fiesta of *Uazcata cónscuaro* to the assembled tribe encouraged the priest to develop them into emotional, oral literature. Some of this pre-Conquest tendency has continued to the present time. Also, these legends have probably become embellished with illusions and atmospheric details by skilled narrators in historic times. This author-translator chose the most sophisticated and excitingly literary rendition available where a choice presented itself.

One of the most impressive facts about these legends, even to the non-analytical person, is the presentation of a "mood" and the changes in mood as the given story progresses. The narrator seems to live and to feel the story.

For some of these legends to have been preserved so well since the Spanish Conquest may reflect, to some extent, the relative isolation of Michoacán, but it seems more likely to indicate the importance these legends have had and still have in Tarascan life. In the present Tarascan area, nearly four hundred and fifty years of acculturation have obscured many traits of native provenience. Today's economic specialization and trade patterns are apparently based upon aboriginal conditions (West, 1948, p. 57), yet they are known to have been formalized by Europeans (Beals, 1946, p. 210). Nevertheless, the character of such things as marriage, family life, and the people's attitudes toward life's values—the real educative forces affecting the thinking and personality of Tarascans—appear to be relatively unchanged.

Despite the more recent modifications in material culture and social organization, the basic values woven into the early legends

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539 of the Tarascans still provide the primary index of behavior in the
809 pueblos of the lake, La Sierra, and La Cañada. The heroes and
577 heroines pictured in this oral literature continue to serve as ideal behavioral referents, thereby providing through emulation the key to local approbation and social prestige.

539 The telling and re-telling of these legends is one way the
173 Tarascans instruct their young people in societal cooperation and
867 thereby maintain their cultural unity. Thus the Tarascan is pro-
182 vided with part of the cultural knowledge necessary to play the role expected of the individual in his native cultural setting. Even a casual visitor may notice certain attitudes of mind which date back to Conquest and pre-Conquest times, thereby providing the basis for a fundamental unity which has defied time and change.